

THE LATE Bloody Fight in Flanders:

With an Account of the Numbers slain on both sides; ours scarce being ten Thousand, and the *French* twenty five Thousand. As also the taking several Prisoners of note, amongst which was the Duke de *Maine*, the *French* King's Son, the Duke of *Barwick*, and likewise the Son of *Luxembourg* the *French* General. Together with a second Encounter by fresh Forces, who falling on the *French* routed them, seizing on their Baggage and Sixty Pieces of Cannon; to the great Satisfaction of our Royal Army.

To the Tune of, Let Mary live long.



A Captain of fame,
A haliant brave souldier,
True honour's upholder,
From Flanders he came
With news to the Queen,
That the plainly might know
How causes did go.
We have it at length,
The French have been slaughter'd,
The French have been slaughter'd,
Though double our strength.

Old Luxembourg hinc
Our army divided,
By policy guided,
His forces he drew
together with speed;
Straight he march'd them away,
To the camp where we lay,
to ruin us all;
But them we saluted,
But them we saluted,
With powder and ball.

The cannon did play,
Which roaring like thunder,
Did tear them in sunder,
A long summer's day
this battle did last;
It was bloody and hot,
While thundering shot
on both sides did fly;
Where noble commanders,
Where noble commanders,
did valiantly dye.

Through bodles of smoke
We charg'd and gave fire,
And made them retire;
A desperate stroke
did fall on both sides:
At length we gave ground,
Which seemed to wound
our honour almost;
Yet France has no reason,
Yet France has no reason,
to vapour or boast.

We ply'd them so warm,
In heat of the battle
Our guns they did rattle,
It flew like a storm
upon them all day;
They cannot proclaim
Their triumph and fame;
We slaughter'd their men,
Five and twenty thousand,
Five and twenty thousand,
we hardly lost ten.

Now this being done,
A further relation
Brings joy to the nation:
Beld Luxemburg's son
was prisoner made,

And the French Duke de Maine
We did likewise obtain,
to our share they fall,
And likewise bold Barwick,
And likewise bold Barwick,
are prisoners all.

Then after the fight,
A brave Alexander,
A valiant commander,
He happen'd to sight
of Monsieur again,
He had a fresh armed band
Under his command,
he fell on a main,
Where he on their forces,
Where he on their forces,
did victory gain.

Now thus by surprize
He seiz'd on their baggage,
Their cannon and luggage,
Hap, waggons likewise,
and put them to flight:
The action was fine,
A glorious design,
the conquering game,
Which does double honour,
Which does double honour,
and triumph proclaim.

King WILLIAM e're long
Will follow such courses,
With valiant fresh forces,
Stout hardy and strong,
brave thundering boys
That shall make them to yield,
Or fly from the field,
and then he'll pursue;
If France is for fighting,
If France is for fighting,
he'll give them their due.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball in Pye-Corner.

